

Canibus Lyrics

"Nationwide Ruckus"

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh
[x2]

Ey yo, I had to make this beat available offline
Just in case the power goes out in the middle of my rhyme
Improvising, improving, maximizing my ability to do this
Pullin' strings even when my mouth's not moving
The black cat that's stoopin' on the love boat film or action movies
You want to hate boat troll? Then active coofy
The intellectual thinker is attracted to me
Rollin' up Scooby snack doobies, take two puffs and pass it to me
Sittin' in the back of a jacked up tailgate
I know my bitch look young, but she ain't jailbait
Copenhagen's known for fake, she kinda like how it taste
That's why she all up in my face
Speakerbox boomin' all up in that place
Codename 308s, Can-I-Bus that great?
Holdin' hands, singin' kumbaya, it's too late
They say a racial war coming, go paint your face
Ripper verse psychology curse, statue even during apologies
Are you not entertained? Then follow me
Cody wasn't for hire, brief fabricated slam fire
Silver rounds for the vampires

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Now let's stay on topic, let's talk about it
My product and my latest Hip-Hop project, CBD vaporizers
Gold plated Olmec face, they come with a golden neck brace
Senior technician, 401K
Activate, smash your face with the trey eight strapped around the waist
Then dump you in a dilapidated place
Beat 'em down with aluminum, then I put two in 'em
The harlem world hooligan with a bad boy pseudonym
Throw you off a highrise, see if you can skydive
They fear me like cavlike tile, black child
Go surgical, chop it up vertical
Bars from my notebook murder you
Can you say "testicular turpitude"?
'Course you can't! Tongue twister metaphors put you in a trance

In that sunken place doing the drunken dance
Wake up, upside down hung by the pants
M-m-monster truck transmission, crush your hands
Body blows to the guts, stomach cramps, tough man
I'm a sheepdog covered by the blood of the lamb
I'm hot, my hands are warm, my mind is cold
Together they strum notes on the strings of your soul
I was there when they put Hip-Hop under arrest
When the artificial intelligence took its first breath
The Boston Dynamics mechanics scoured the planet for antediluvian amulets buried in Atlantis
The haters just talk shit cuz if I ever break loose they panic
They don't know I got brain damage

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